The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....May 10, 1912

Personal Talk With You.

At any timewhen requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

Crop conditions throughout Oregon are the best on record.

Lafayette is to have a fine new schoolhouse, costing $12,000.

The Epworth leagues of the Eugene district met in annual convention at Eugene Friday.

Plans are being considered to make Bull Run forest reserve a wild bird and game refuge.

The jury in the case of W. R. Foote, charged with murder in the second degree, at Marshfield, disagreed.

Senator Bourne is urging the establishment of a star route from Burns to Bend and from Canyon City to Prineville.

The Presidential Postmasters' Association of Oregon, Washington and Idaho will convene in Portland June 11, 12, 13 and 14.

The thriving little town of Dayton is to have the honor of establishing the first automobile street car service in the state of Oregon.

Assessor C. P. Strain of Umatilla county has filed a statement of his campaign expenses, showing that he spent just 60 cents to be re-elected.

Another effort is being made to have Baker desert commission form of government, a new petition to that effect having been filed with city officials.

Three big Columbia river salmon, frozen in blocks of ice, will be displayed this week in show windows at Dallas, Tex., to advertise one of Oregon's many resources.

With $1,600,000 on hand in the state treasury, Oregon is better off financially today than ever before in its history. The state has no bonded indebtedness and all debts are paid.

Charles W. Thebaud, former president of the United States National bank of Vale, has been convicted of getting away with trust property and converting it to his own use.

The strike situation on the Albany extension of the Oregon Electric continues about the same, the company working a number of men, and the strikers conducting themselves peacefully.

County Judge Bushey at Salem has signed a temporary restraining order enjoining Secretary Olcott from calling a special recall election against District Attorney Cameron of Multnomah county.

Senator Bourne has withdrawn his opposition to the confirmation of Leslie M. Scott as United States marshal for Oregon, and the nomination was ordered favorably reported by the senate judiciary committee.

George and Charles Humphrys, on trial for the killing of Mrs. Eliza Griffith at her home near Philomath on June 2, 1911, have been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to hang on Friday, June 14.

Government land must produce gold in paying quantities, and cannot be characterized of mineral value by a showing of merely blend mineral colors, according to a decision handed down in the Roseburg United States land office.

Postal savings banks will be opened June 1, at the following fourth class postoffices: Banks, Bay City, Brooks, Coburg, Cornelius, Dayton, Dilley, Florence, Gaston, Gervais, Halsey, Lafayette, Linnton, Monroe, Scappoose, Scio, Troutdale, Turner, Wilsonville.

An effort is to be made to change the date of the state mining congress, which is scheduled to be held at Baker, June 6, 7 and 8. The Baker commercial club has voted to ask that it be held in August. This change is asked because mines are not yet cleared of snow.

Ernest L. Oetinger, who shot and killed Edward Mutch in the Merchants Exchange saloon in Portland on the night of January 19, when no witnesses were present and who was indicted for murder in the second degree, was found not guilty by a jury in circuit court.

Engineers in charge of the construction of the Coos Bay branch of the Southern Pacific railway announce that rails have been ordered for the first three miles of the line and as soon as they arrive in Eugene, they will be laid, as that much of the grade has been completed.

The largest warrant drawn by the secretary of state's office in the history of the state was made out when Secretary Olcott advanced $200,000 in a single warrant to the First National Bank of Portland to pay the first two installments of the state's share in the purchase of the canal and locks at Oregon City.

A one man strike at the Eastern Oregon state hospital at Pendleton took effect when a man by the name of Hall, employed by the Pacific Fire Extinguisher company, of Portland, to do the electrical wiring on the new building, walked out. His action is a result of the strike of electrical workers of Portland and the coast.

A bill to cremate paupers who die at the state asylum for the insane will be introduced at the next legislature, according to plans of Superintendent Steiner and members of the state board. Near the Salem hospital and on the grounds of the state is the asylum potters' field, where are buried 1489 bodies. In the last year there were 146 buried.

Belford's Kid

Nicknames Sometimes Prove Deceptive -:- -:-

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Roger Webb was the last to finish his dinner, and he was just leaving the mess house when Boss Clintock galloped up to the door and intercepted him.

"Say, Webb, have the others gone?"

"Yes; they are just rounding the last gate," said Roger, pointing to a half dozen rapidly diminishing horsemen. "Anything I can do?"

"No—yes, of course you can. I've been called up to North Fork to identify a bunch of cattle, and I've just had a phone from Belford that his kid's coming over for a visit. It's thirty miles from Belford's place over here and a tiresome ride. He wants me to meet Teddy on the other side of Black pass or send a trusty man. I'll have to send you."

"Very well," returned Roger. "Shall I start now?"

"You better go right off and be sure and get on the other side of the pass, for the kid's afraid to come through in the dark."

"I'll be there," assured Roger, and he went away to saddle his horse.

Roger whistled and Buckskin pounded the turf lightly as they covered mile after mile of the twenty that lay between the Lone Bull ranch and the farther entrance to Black pass.

Now, when Roger and Buckskin threaded their way down its narrow, winding trail the sun had passed over the rocky summits of the pass, and a deep twilight was drawing down. As he went out at the other end he looked expectantly around the sunlit plain for a glimpse of Teddy Belford, but the lad was nowhere in sight.

"I suppose his dad has told him to wait here at the pass for me, and, as

HE URGED BUCKSKIN FORWARD.

he isn't here, I believe I'll nose around and have a look at that place Clintock was telling me about."

With a last glance along the trail ahead Roger turned to the right and followed directions he had received from the boss of the Lone Bull. In an hour he had found the ranch he was looking for, had a long talk with its owner and taken a hasty survey of the premises. He was favorably impressed with the place and believed it would make a good opening for him; also, it was well within the limit he had set for expenditure. He decided to talk it over with Clintock before closing a deal.

He was halfway back to the south entrance to Black pass before he remembered Belford's kid. He glanced around at the gray plain fast losing its outlines in the gathering dusk and smote his thigh sharply.

"Great horn! If I haven't forgotten the kid! I wonder"— He spurred Buckskin into a run without completing his sentence.

Long before he reached the pass he was straining his eyes for a glimpse of a horse and rider waiting for him. But he saw nothing, and when he finally pulled to a breathless standstill there he appeared to be all alone in the gloom.

"I don't believe he's arrived yet," he said uneasily. "If he was afraid of the pass he would be sure to wait for me."

Roger waited anxiously, listening for the faintest sound that might presage the approach of Teddy Belford. He rebuked himself bitterly for his neglect of duty—for running off to attend to his own affairs when he had assured Mr. Clintock that he would safely escord Teddy through Black pass to the Lone Bull ranch. All at once darkness fell completely, and there were only the distant stars winking down out of a dim blue sky.

Roger swore softly and turned Buckskin into the pass. He rode until he came to the middle of the pit of velvet blackness and listened. Far ahead of him he thought he heard a faint sound. Again it came—a broken whistle. He urged Buckskin forward until he heard plainly the tremulously whistled notes of "I'm Afraid to Go Home In the Dark."

"The doggoned plucky little kid!" ejaculated Roger thankfully, and then he let out his voice [illegible] pass echoed

"[illegible] Teddy Belford?"

"Yes [illegible] shaking voice.

"Well [illegible] be there in a minute

In a [illegible] Buckskin to [illegible] are you. I[illegible]

"[illegible] reply glose [illegible] isn't Mr. Clint[illegible]

"No [illegible] Webb Mr. Clin[illegible] for [illegible] North Fork and went [illegible] was to wait on the other side of the pass for you, but I thought there was time enough to look at a piece of property I was interested in."

When they were riding slowly forward, allowing the horses to pick their way along the trail, Roger turned his head and resumed conversation with his unseen companion.

"You're afraid of this place, aren't you, Teddy?"

There was a little hesitation before the answer came curtly:

"Yes."

"I don't blame you. Were you whistling 'I'm Afraid to Go Home In the Dark' to keep up your spirits?"

"Yes; to shame myself for being afraid," was Teddy's crisp reply.

Roger laughed with unconcealed admiration. "You're a plucky kid," he remarked.

Teddy Belford did not answer, and Roger concluded that he was ashamed of what might have been termed a display of cowardice. He had no idea of how old Teddy Belford might be or whether he was large or small. So far his companion was merely a voice.

"How old are you, Teddy?" he asked suddenly.

No answer.

"How old are you, Teddy, lad?" repeated Roger good humoredly, not that he cared greatly, but the low, contralto voice of Belford's kid interested him without his knowing exactly why. It sent a thrill of paternal tenderness through his being. At least he thought it was paternal.

"I don't believe Mr. Clintock would have sent you to meet me if he had known how—how impertinent you were going to be," said Teddy Belford calmly.

"Impertinent—wow!" Roger was plainly disgusted. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Teddy Belford," he ended sarcastically.

"Mr. Teddy Belford!" repeated Belford's kid indignantly as they emerged from the gloom of the pass into the open plain where the trail lay white under the rays of a rising moon. Before Roger could turn around and look at his companion he heard the swish-sh of a quirt through the air and Buckskin shot forward like a rocket.

"The—little—dev-devil!" panted Roger as he realized that Buckskin was having things his own mad way.

Mile after mile they pounded over the dry grass, away from the trail and far to the east of the Lone Bull ranch. Roger did not know what had become of Teddy Belford, and he did not care. He was aware that away off behind somewhere there was a faint thudding of hoofs.

Roger sawed away at Buckskin's obstinate mouth without result. He realized that the horse was growing tired, and if the beast could escape stepping into a prairie dog's hole or did not stumble he might be brought to reason before long.

But Buckskin stumbled, and it happened so suddenly that Roger was tossed over the animal's head and landed surprised and dizzy on a crumbling sand hillock. For an instant he lay there breathless and bruised watching Buckskin's form waiting wearily near by.

"You old skyrocket!" he breathed at last.

Then another horse loomed into the moonlight, was turned loose to nip at the grass and a slender form hurried to Roger Webb's side and knelt down with a cool hand on his forehead. Roger saw that the newcomer wore skirts, and his dizziness increased.

"Oh, Mr. Webb, I am so sorry! I do hope you're not hurt!" cried the girl in the voice of Belford's kid.

"I'm all right," said the dazed cowboy, struggling to a sitting posture. "But where did you come from?"

"Why, I was following you through Black pass, you know, and you were rather impertinent. You know you were. You called me Teddy and kid and all that! But I should not have struck your horse. I am so ashamed, and I beg your pardon," she ended, with a dangerous quaver in her voice.

"Are you Teddy Belford?" demanded Roger.

"Yes; Theodora Belford. My friends call me Teddy. Father and Boss Clintock call me kid. I don't mind from them," she concluded.

"Of course not," said the chagrined Roger. "Only, you see, nobody told me you were a girl—and I thought you were a boy! The apologies are on my side."

"Well, we've got a whole lifetime to apologize to each other in," laughed Teddy Belford as she leaped into her saddle unassisted. "But let's not waste any time over that. I really think we are quits, Mr. Webb. I am afraid to think what a narrow escape you had. It would have been my fault if"—

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything," said Roger sincerely, thinking of her cool hand on his forehead.

"We will be late for supper," said Teddy hurriedly.

As they rode home through the moonlight Roger decided that he would buy the ranch next to Belford's place. "It will be handy for her to run over and see her folks—after we are married," he said to himself.

Of this decision, of course, Teddy Belford knew nothing until after they became engaged.

Just So.

"He doesn't really love you. He's after your money."

"But if his love were not genuine how could he put so much fervor into his wooing?"

"Oh, a man can dig up considerable fervor when he has to marry money or go to work."—Exchange.

Inside Information.

"Dear sir," wrote the man who owed his tailor and had received a letter asking for payment of the bill, "your letter was extremely impertinent, and I return it to you unopened."

Drawing the Disease Out.

The Chinese have a curious custom of trying to cure a sick man. A friend of the patient obtains a straight branch with a few leaves and twigs at the end. On this he hangs a mirror of polished steel, and under that one of the sick man's coats. Then he goes for a short walk, a priest in the meantime performing a ceremony. The coat, being carried in this way, is supposed to draw the disease from the sufferer.

The Collar of Homer.

Among the curiosities preserved in the Fabre museum at Montpelier, France, is the famous "collar of Homer," invented and worn by the great Italian poet Alfieri. This distinguished man began the study of Greek when more than forty-seven years old and made such rapid progress in that language as to astonish all who knew him. He proclaimed himself "chevalier of the order of Homer" and appeared with a collar on which were engraved the names of twenty-three poets, ancient and modern, and to which was suspended a cameo portrait of Homer. On the reverse side of this preserved relic is an Italian distich composed by Alfieri, which translated says, "Alfieri himself in creating this order of the chevalier of Homer has invented an order more divine than that of any king."

The End of The World

should it come tomorrow would find fully ½ of the people suffering with rheumatism of either slight or serious nature. Nobody need suffer with rheumatism for Ballard's Snow Liniment drives away the trouble, relieves the pain instantly and leaves the user as well and supple as a two year old. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

Lanterns in China.

There has long existed among the Chinese a passion for fireworks and lanterns. Travelers have called China the land of lanterns, and the term is apposite. In every city, at every port and on every river and canal as soon as night comes on lanterns make their appearance. They are hung at the door of every dwelling; they swing as pendants from the angles of pagodas; they form the fiery crown of every shop front; they cluster round the houses of the rich and light up the hovels of the poor; they are borne with the carriages of travelers, and they swing from the yards and the masts of vessels.

A Smile

is a pretty hard thing to accomplish when you're blue, bilious and out of sorts. There is a sure cure for all kinds of stomach and liver complaints—constipation and dyspepsia. Ballard's Herbine is mild, yet absolutely effective in all cases. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

Ziem and His Models.

When in Venice Ziem, the artist, finding that the native women disliked posing for artists, hired a shop and stocked it with trinkets and cheap jewelry. While his agent bargained with the customers Ziem, hidden away in the back of his shop, made sketches, not caring what his stock was sold for provided only the haggling over it occupied plenty of time.

Why He Was Late.

"What made you so late?"

"I met Smithson."

"Well, that is no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and he insisted on telling me about his stomach trouble."

"Did you tell him to take Chamberlain's Tablets?"

"Sure, that is what he needs." Sold by all dealers.

Flowers and Blood.

A superstition dating from olden times exists to the effect that roses and flowers generally attain greater beauty in soil fertilized by blood, especially by human blood, than elsewhere. Persons who have visited Newmarket, England, know of the so called "bloody flower of Newmarket," which is found nowhere else than in the old moat, now filled up, and in which, according to tradition, a very large quantity of human remains is interred. These flowers bloom in June and July and by the bloodlike hue of their blossoms suggest the name which has been given to them.

Poison Oak Poisoning

Ballard's Snow Liniment cures it. Mr O H Cornelius, Turner, Oregon, writes: "My wife has discovered that Snow Liniment cures poison oak poisoning, a very painful trouble. She not only cured a case of it on herself, but on two of her friends who were poisoned by the same ivy. Price 25c, 50c, and $1.00. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

A Wasp That Uses Tools.

Wasps are in one respect more civilized than any other insect or animal. John Burroughs tells us that, "though it has been thought that man is the only tool using animal, yet there is one species of wasp, ammophila, that uses a little pebble to pound down the earth over her nest. She takes the pebble in her mandibles, as you or I would take a stone in our hand, and uses it as a hammer to pound down the soil above the cavity that holds her egg. This is a remarkable fact. So far as I know, there is no other animal on this continent that makes any mechanical use of an object or substance foreign to its own body in this way."

"My little son had a very severe cold. I was recommended to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and before a small bottle was finished he was as well as ever," writes Mrs. H. Silks, 29 Dowling Street, Sydney, Australia. This remedy is sold by all dealers.

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Prize Collection Radish, 11 varieties; Lettuce, 10 kinds; Tomatoes, 11 the finest; Peas, 9 [illegible]; Beans, 8 best varieties; 10 [illegible] in all.

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ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

Hundreds of Moro Citizens Can Tell You All About It.

Home endorsement, the public expression of Moro people, should be evidence beyond dispute for every Moro reader, of the merit of Doan's Kidney Pills. Surely the experience of friends and neighbors, cheerfully given by them, will carry more weight than the utterances of strangers residing in faraway places. Read the following: Mrs H F Peetz, of Moro, Oregon, says: "A member of my family suffered from kidney trouble and on a neighbor's advice began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy effected a cure."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

FAIRLY WARNED.

The Old Crook's Advice to His Brilliant Young Pupil.

"All this easy talk about 'honest' graft," said an author, "makes me tired. There isn't any such thing. 'Honest' graft is on a par with the point of view of an incorrigible old crook I ran across when I was doing police work on a Chicago paper years ago. The venerable reprobate had a son about eighteen years old, whom he had carefully trained to follow in his own footsteps. They lived together, and every night the old man used to make the boy fork over the proceeds of the day's pocketpicking, allowing him just enough to live on.

"Finally the young crook began to rebel inwardly, and one night, after a particularly good day's haul, he secretly pawned a diamond scarfpin and kept the money himself. He gave the old thief the rest of the swag, however, and it was so goodly a pile that he opened his heart and handed the astonished boy $5 and told him to go to a prizefight or somewhere and enjoy himself. So the boy began to put on his only glad rags. But he seemed strangely silent and distraught. The old man noticed it and demanded to know what was the matter and if the $5 wasn't enough, and so on.

"Suddenly the lad burst into tears. 'Guv'nor,' he sobbed, 'I ain't no right to this five spot. Here's $10 I got on a pin today, and I was goin' to hold it out on you.'

"The old crook took the money and gazed with sadness upon his child. 'Son,' he said, 'I want to tell you one thing. Take it from me, folks that gets money that way will never, never come to no good.'"—New York World.

He Was Their Man.

A pleasant little story is told of Dr. Boyd Carpenter in the days before he was bishop of Ripon. To him came one day a young man and maiden, both bashful and on a very obvious errand.

"Are you Mr. Carpenter?" began the swain timidly.

"Yes," was the reassuring reply; "Carpenter—and joiner."—London Tit-Bits.

Boys Will be Boys

and are always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. Don't neglect such things—they may result serious if you do. Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment according to directions right away and it will relieve the pain and heal the trouble. Price 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

In the Matter of the Estate of W. B. McCoy, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order issued out of the above entitled court on the 4th day of March, 1912, licensing and authorizing the undersigned as administrator of the estate of W B McCoy, deceased, to sell all of the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

Lot Seven (7) of Block Ten (10) in the town of Kent, in the county of Sherman and state of Oregon, according to the plat thereof as the same appears of record in the County Clerk's office in said county and state, on which said real property there is a five-room dwelling house, said real property with said improvements being appraised at three hundred ($300.00) dollars;

Also an undivided one half interest in and to Lot Four (4) of Section Thirty (30) and Lot One (1) and the Northeast quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section Thirty-one (31) in Township Two (2) North of Range Twelve (12) East of the Willamette Meridian, situated in the County of Wasco, State of Oregon, said undivided one-half interest being appraised at three thousand ($3,000.00) dollars.

The undersigned, as administrator, will, from and after Monday the 3d day of June, 1912, proceed to sell at private sale for cash in hand the above described real property at the office of said administrator in the W. W. M. Co. Bank at Moro, Sherman County, Oregon.

Dated May 3d, 1912. L. BARNUM, Administrator.

GEORGE MOWRY, Attorney for Estate. [5tm3-31.134

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Sherman County Observer ... 1.50

Total $3.00

BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR $2.00

THE SEMI-WEEKLY Oregon Journal

Publishes the latest and most complete telegraphic news of the world; gives reliable market reports, as it is published at Portland, where the market news can be and is corrected to date for each issue. It also has a page of special matter for the farm and home, an entertaining story page and a page or more of comic each week—104 times a year.

The Sherman County Observer

Gives the local news and happenings and should be in every home in this county. The two papers make a splendid combination and you save $1 by sending your subscription to the

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CONDUCTED ON THE BEST PRINCIPLES.

Talking to Himself

A Scotchman, when asked why he always talked to himself, replied:

"In the first place, because I like to talk to an intelligent man.

"In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk."

We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons.

Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than on any other subject.

We don't say a word about prices—it goes without saying that prices are right.

And our work—if it's not right, send it back. Try us. We Print anything.

Observer Printing Office

Moro, - - - Oregon.

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